

# Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

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For Zion's Herald.

SYMPATHY.

When one remembers how much of sadness there is in this world, and how much cause for sadness, how many weary and lonely hearts, how much struggling with poverty and failing health, how many miserable persons, who, far from the treasures of earth, which cannot be measured, have many blighted hopes which will not blossom again, how much torturing anxiety in regard to the future; and also remembers how much of consolation there is in human sympathy, how much power to cheer in a kind word, or even a smile of friendly recognition, how the cheery "Good morning, sir," from lips that are almost a stranger's can drive the dark from the sky, and send the heart a ray of hope and comfort. Who would say that remedy is not often applied; that men are so shabby of their smiles, so loth to speak the kind word, and do the kind act, which, making them so poorer, would make another rich indeed. One learns also to appreciate the gospel of the Saviour, which not only gives the disposition to be kind, in the renewed nature which it bestows on its subjects, but also enjoys and requires the manifestation of kindness; which not only lays down the second of the two great Commandments, equal in authority with the first, as the basis of morality; but also makes the decisions of the Last Day to turn on whether there has been given to this command a practical obedience: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand," etc.

Faith relates, in his Epistle to the Galatians, that when James and Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, and were ministers of the circumcision, were satisfied of his call to be a minister of the uncircumcision, they sent him forth to the Gentiles, without restriction or suggestion except one, which was, "Keep the law of Moses, and so fulfil the law." Christ—Remember, I said, bonds to bind with them; and those that suffer adversity, as being themselves also in the body—he can hardly repress the exclamation, "A, what a world this would be if the gospel were lived up to! How would the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose!" The prophecies would be fulfilled. Waters would burst out in the wilderness, and streams in the desert; the parched ground would become pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

I told I would men withhold their smiles and acts of kindness, when they see how much good, they do, how much power they have to cheer and to comfort. I now add, I wonder they withhold them when they know them as promotive of their own happiness. The kind word or deed blesses him who bestows it, not less than he who receives it. Mercy is the reward of God; it is blessed him who gives, and him who takes. We are to be happy in doing others good, and especially in sympathizing with sorrow, and bearing the burdens of the weak. The words "sympathy" and "compassion" mean, literally, "suffering with." There is in all true compassion a species of suffering; but it is sweet suffering, which brings its own exceeding great reward. Hence the command to "weep with them that weep," as well as "rejoice with them that rejoice." It gives me joy to see such a spirit of sympathy and compassion among them that rejoice. Hence, also, the deep observation of Solomon: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Not only is the remote effect, in giving depth and tenderness of feeling, better, but also the immediate enjoyment is greater. In true and tender-hearted sympathy with human suffering is found the purest and keenest enjoyment of earth. All the ways of well-doing which is practiced meet together to draw out the noblest elements of character; and that path of the philanthropist. The all-wise and benevolent Creator has implanted within us a deep vein of sympathy with suffering, whose exercise is exceedingly grateful and ennobling.

This explains the passion for seeing plays, tragedies, reading novels, where great sufferings are portrayed. But now mark what a prostitution of this noble sentiment this method of exciting it is. As these sufferings are fictitious, so the sympathy excited is false; and the practice of despotic and unmerciful sympathy tends to destroy all feeling and capacity for compassion. Hence the well known fact, so often remarked, that the frequenters of plays, who weep over feigned sorrows, are the most heartless people in the world. Who so reckless as they—not to say destructive—of the sacredness of domestic ties? Who so deaf to the cries of real suffering? You might as well try to increase your strength by lifting shadows; nay, you might well think to cultivate religions feeling by engaging in mock worship. As surely as that would defeat all reverence for things as are, so it will in the end defeat the heart.

Thus sorrows destroy all genuine sympathy with human woe. It will make you hard and callous as a Turk. If you would feel the blissful, elevating thrill of true sympathy, go not into the regions of fiction, where sorrows are ostentatiously displayed, but go into real life, where hearts are breaking with troubles which they sedulously endeavor to conceal; go to the poor and crooked, and hopeless, to comfort them; lend to those who live in evans the counsel of virtue; share your soul with souls; listen to the tales of grief of the poor children that come to your door for bread; do not turn them away, no matter how often you may have been deceived, unless you know that their wants are feigned; you may lose the rare opportunity of becoming acquainted with a suffering which is the kearest enjoyment to the heart and relieve it.

When I was living in Springfield, two little girls came to my door for cold pieces. I spoke roughly to them at first (God forgive me! my heart has often smote me for it), for I had heard that the boys, who had been around, took home what we gave them, and fed it to the pigs. "What do you want of the cold pieces?" said I. "We want them to eat, sir." "Din't you want them for the pig?" "No, sir; we have no pig. We are poor, sir, and have little brothers and sisters." "How many is there of you?" "Seven, sir, in all." "What does your mother do?" "Father's dead, sir." "What does your mother do?" "Mother goes out washing, sir, and we work in the button factory, and the rest are little ones." God help the poor children! I didn't need to go to the theatre that day to have my feelings excited. I stood it, passed the dead father and all, till she got to the "little ones." The "little ones" finished me. I wish you could

have seen her eyes. I saw little hungry brothers and sisters looking out of them. It was equal to Judah pleading for his brother Benjamin, as though God had permitted so much suffering in this world, to train us in brotherly love, and that considerate regard for the welfare of others, which shall fit us for the society of the "most made perfect?" And O, what a hold Satan must have on our humanity, to be able to pervert, so often as he does, this hardness of our lot to a sense of self-sabotage, and of our being hard on each other! Even that blissful sympathy, which we are so made as to feel at sight of human woe, when it is in our power and our heart to relieve it, and which was intended as the spur and reward of benevolence, is turned from its proper channel and exercise to stinging the tears of a weak and mauldin sentimentally over grieved sufferers, till its capacity is lost. What a debt of the devil is due to the world! and if by people that are nearly as bad as the devils, it is not to be wondered at that they are so shabby of their smiles, as loth to speak the kind word, and do the kind act, which, making them so poorer, would make another rich indeed. One learns also to appreciate the gospel of the Saviour, which not only gives the disposition to be kind, in the renewed nature which it bestows on its subjects, but also enjoys and requires the manifestation of kindness; which not only lays down the second of the two great Commandments, equal in authority with the first, as the basis of morality; but also makes the decisions of the Last Day to turn on whether there has been given to this command a practical obedience: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand," etc.

A. McKEOWN.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE WEST.

At the banquet in Cincinnati in celebration of Foresters' Day, Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read responded to a toast with the following poem:—

What hears our great eagle? What frightens the fawn?

What worries the savage, dusk-red as the dawn,

Till it flies like the shadow, far westward, faro!

White out of the East walks the glory of morn?

What thunders the thunder, that awakes the skies,

What rings the forest orphans, bereft of their bower,

What tames the wild laugh of children, the song of the maid,

What makes the deep plough, who guides the plow?

What tames the wild stream, teaching labor and rest?

The hardy New Englander, blest the West.

Who sows the new furrows with wide spaciousness?

Who drives the swift sickle?—who garners the grain?

Who tames the wild stream, teaching labor and rest?

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

MR. EDITOR:—Whether the collections for Conten-

ency in this region have met the expectations of the General Committee, I know not, but

Methodism within the bounds of the New

York Conference has certainly been put in a position

to operate in the future with greatly increased power and efficiency. Some of our dis-

tricts have raised but little for monumental ob-

jects, but

greatly improved the property of their churches.

Newburg has swept away its entire indebt-

edness, and thus made a most inviting field for the gospel here.

Who walks with his flock, like a shepherd of old,

Through the fields of old?

Then, like a good sover, with well sited, dist-

ributed the truths of his liberal creed—

Who shares his last cup and divides his last crust,

While filling with hunger or thirst in the frost?

Behold the New Englander fighting for truth!

I propose then that he be taken from his present position and placed where his sympathies will be a useful factor in the promotion of the gospel, and into more immediate connection with the practical wants of the church. Or was this thrown in merely for the purpose of blocking the way to any discussion of the subject on the other side, lest this censure should fall on the head of the objector? I trust Dr. V. is incapable of such disingenuousness.

GEORGE WEBER.

READY THE MASTER, AS REGARD'S THEIR HEAVEN:—their learning would, after all, be only a translation of the versions themselves. So then, as far as I can see, not only should the preachers, but the people also, one and all, the world over, in order to understand the Scriptures, learn to read them in the languages in which they were originally written. Now, to this manner of treating the subject, I object in toto. It is an overdoing, that is very nearly undying; and if believed by people, so little must, in their esteem, sink to the level of a mere human production, having no binding authority.

That a knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, enables one to discover shades of meaning and turns of thought (generally non-essential), not to be found in the original text; but few "three-year apprentices" have had the time and trouble to learn this. The "Three-years Rule" is working well in this vicinity; no doubt it is his case: but it is a well known fact—as you may gather from "the great official"—that churches, presiding elders, and the world at large in this region, have had trouble enough with it. But few "three-year apprentices" have had the time and trouble to learn this. There is no reason for this in the present want of ministerial preparation (that presented in the essay) there are two classes of objectors. The first class is the laity, superficial students, who aspire to the office of the ministry; the second class of objectors is made up of those ministers who have been introduced into our ministry at too early a stage of their studies, etc. These brethren are saying to the young men, see how I have done—it is not well in yet, in fact. The first class does not relish the labor of study, and the second class is made up of those who are in a position of responsibility over the young men.

Now honestly, and in Christian charity, can Dr. V. find no other class of objectors, if not his "rule" of ministerial preparation, yet to his method of stating and defending it, and in all cases making it a sine qua non in the matter? Dr. V. says, in his essay referred to, that this is a matter of ministerial preparation (that presented in the essay) there are two classes of objectors. The first class is the laity, superficial students, who aspire to the office of the ministry; the second class of objectors is made up of those ministers who have been introduced into our ministry at too early a stage of their studies, etc. These brethren are saying to the young men, see how I have done—it is not well in yet, in fact. The first class does not relish the labor of study, and the second class is made up of those who are in a position of responsibility over the young men.

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

AMERICAN METHODISM.

OUR LATE YEARS OF PROSPERITY.

Since first we were established,

From the ransomed, the glorified throng,

With the swell of their beautifull song.

"Mid the white group I see on golden steep,

Are the loves of the long, long ago,

Neath the sun of the valley below,

Neath the sky of the valley below,

Neath the clouds of the valley below,

Neath the stars of the valley below,

Neath the moon of the valley below,

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## Poetry.

*For Zion's Herald.*

**CHRISTMAS.**  
Put off thy shoes; 'tis holy ground;  
Draw reverent nigh:  
This night commemorates the sound  
That Judah's shepherds did astound  
Of angel voices, which resound  
Through earth and sky.  
In such doth the king day  
On that glad morn.  
Chasing earth's darkness far away,  
Grand type of that enlightening way,  
Which should to fallen man display  
A Saviour born.  
Ah! little thought a sinful race,  
In that dear child,  
Jehovah had but veiled his face,  
And in his blood their sins enclose,  
God reconciled.  
Cruel they hanged him the tree,  
The gift God gave;  
Hanging that guilty man might see;  
They hung him in his agony.  
Still hangs the Christmas gift for thee,  
Thy soul to save.  
Children, that call you names your name,  
Himself hands down:  
He bore thy sin, endured thy shame,  
Now calls thee, sin-sick poor, and lame,  
Calls that each of you might claim  
An immortal crown;

One thousand to learn their gilded toys;  
How sweetly sing the birds,  
Will you not heed that gentle voice,  
Make him your early, only choice,  
And with the ransomed ones rejoice  
At Jesus' feet?  
*Glory to God we all shall sing,*  
Earth's trumpet's past;  
*With him who has not venomous sting,*  
When at his foot our crowns we fling,  
When echoing hallelujahs ring,  
In Heaven at last. B. E. N.

SELF.

It is easy enough to conquer the world,  
But to find such earthly good as soon  
The devil within myself!  
For the world, when you face it, always gives in,  
But who ever can yet measure the strength  
Of his own bad, wayward heart?

It is easy to seem externally good,  
But to find such inward peace,  
Where should we be if the eyes of all  
Were bared to the cold world's eye?  
What if the world, if the mind of all  
Could be read in the eyes of all?  
If the thoughts we think the sins we dream,  
Were told in the market-place?

We shall never be in the season true  
That others are most satisfied,  
When the woman "caught in the very act"  
Was to him for judgment brought;  
How, when the world is hard, hard hearts  
And the sinner's fearful heart!

He, sighing, stammered, and wrote on the ground,  
As he knelt, "I am not bad."

How it said, let him without sin of you  
First cast at her a stone;

And, convincing themselves, the accusers all  
Left her, and went to their homes,  
Both no man condemned her. "No man, Lord,"  
And the trembling wretch wpt.

"Neither do I," said P. Skelly  
"I give you this unto my son."

O friend of mine, whosoever thou art,  
No more in darkness live;  
Thy brother's sins, thy sister's faults  
They are not thine to judge;

Perchance when the Judge who judgeth all  
 Shall hear thy timid plea,  
Then mayst thou be fully forgiven  
May help to pardon thee.

Ah, me! when at sight I knock and pray  
For strength against unseen foes,  
For grace to bear the load through  
This life of trials and woes—  
When I pray God to save me from drink and hell,  
And from the curse of self,  
I feel that by far the worst of all foes  
Is the devil within myself!

**Literary Notices.**

**THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM OF PICTURES AND STORIES.** Boston: C. H. Strode & Son, pp. 208. W. H. Holton, & Co., Springfield. This is a beautiful and a useful book for small children.

**THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND,** by Mrs. Cornelius. Boston: Taggard & Thompson.

It contains recipes and directions for doing all sorts of things.

**HOLLY WATKINS, and other verses,** by Anderson D. F. Randell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This is a gift-edged, superb bound volume of short poems.

**OUR VOW AT THE BARS, and the Spire that Led the Ship Astray,** by Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. National Temperance Society, 172 William Street, New York. For sale at 49 Washington Street, Boston.

**MILLION LADS.** A Tale by Emma Marshall. Philadelphia: J. P. T. & Co. For sale by E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.

**THE WAY OF LIFE, or, The Dignity of a Slave.** By Mrs. J. M. Magee.

**BESSIE.** A Story of Humble Life, by Charlotte O'Brien. New York: Carlton & Porter.

**THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY** from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire, by Henry Hart Milman, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's, London. 12mo. New and revised edition. New York: W. J. Muller. For sale by J. P. Magee.

**THE WAY OF THE WORLD,** by Wm. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

**Family Circle.**

**DEATH OF HON. J. T. G. DINSMORE.**

One year ago in the happiest hours of his life, a large family was gathered. The several members had come from their homes in the several States, summoned by the parents. The minister had cast aside his books and manuscripts, the merchant had closed his stores, the teachers had left the dusty school-rooms, and with words of welcome and good cheer had come to the dear old home to enjoy one more New England Thanksgiving. The family were all here, and none had ever been broken; there was no vacant place, all were there. Such was the family of our much loved brother, Hon. J. T. G. Dinsmore, on that day of public thanksgiving one year ago. All the public services at the church were performed by the family. Preaching by one of the sons, Rev.

C. M. Dinsmore, of the N. H. Conference; sing-

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ing by the other members of the family. At the close of the services the family returned home to partake of the dinner which the mother had prepared with her own hands.

As the sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, and the little ones which had crept in one after another to fill the little places in the large family, gathered around the table, it was an hour never to be forgotten. It was a scene never to be repeated. Dinner over, "Now," said the mother, "I want my children to play just as they used to." She called some of the older and more active. The tenderer fondness caused the girlhood, and round, sharp jokes; some of your dippings, or faint attempts at wit, but such as come from lively souls in sound bodies. The father, as he looked on with his usual fondness, said, "as few men have the right to be called fathers, so few children enjoy themselves." They can never get, how, as after year after year they filled the house with their birth and their company, he would say in his quiet, happy tones, "Let the young folks have a good time."

One year passed, and the family gathered once more in the room. The shutters were closed; it was dark; a shadow had fallen upon the family.

While the voice of prayer ascended calmly yet, before that God who does all things well, soloed the boy who had been born, was accused in a whisper, "I have got a whole armful of hats that belong to me first great grandfather."

He went to the church. It was crowded as a year before. The young girl dashed in. She was cousin to Fred Weston, a great favorite with his wife.

The young man halted this new ally with lively desire, and said, "I will go to you together, when you have right, will make you happy than anything I can say to you. Always be kind to the other boys severally for not trying to prevent Tom and Dick from being so cruel."

He then turned to Willie and said, "There is no need of my commanding you, Willie, for the world to know it, for I know that the feeling that you have right will make you happy than anything I can say to you."

Tom and Dick were to their seats with their heads hung down, looking very much ashamed of themselves. While, Willie, thinking of the old man's smile and blessing, turned to his lessons with a happy heart. M. E. R.

"I cannot consent, dear wife, that you should mope so; you are positively growing pale and thin just for want of excitement. I want to see you yourself just for one night; you will be so beautiful in this." And the husband wound the rich silver material gracefully about her, and led her to the glass.

"There, with a little color to your cheeks, and your own pretty way of dressing your hair, you will be queen of the night, and all the stars will be jealous of you."

The tenderer had reached the school-house from a back door, and from the school-room window had seen the whole of the affair. After he had called the school to order he called out Tom and Dick, and aiter telling them of the cruelty of the act, and how wrong it was in the sight of their heavenly Father, he punished them, and scolded the other boys severally for not trying to prevent Tom and Dick from being so cruel.

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"I cannot consent, dear wife, that you should mope so; you are positively growing pale and thin just for want of excitement. I want to see you yourself just for one night; you will be so beautiful in this." And the husband wound the rich silver material gracefully about her, and led her to the glass.

"There, with a little color to your cheeks, and your own pretty way of dressing your hair, you will be queen of the night, and all the stars will be jealous of you."

The tenderer had reached the school-house from a back door, and from the school-room window had seen the whole of the affair. After he had called the school to order he called out Tom and Dick, and aiter telling them of the cruelty of the act, and how wrong it was in the sight of their heavenly Father, he punished them, and scolded the other boys severally for not trying to prevent Tom and Dick from being so cruel.

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